THE LAST VVILL AND TESTAMENT OF PHILIP HERBERT, Burgeſſe for Bark-ſhire, Vulgarly called Earl of Pembroke and MONTGOMERY.

Who dyed of Foole-Age, *Jan.* 23. 1650.

With his Life and Death, and ſeverall Legacies to the Parliament and Councel of State.

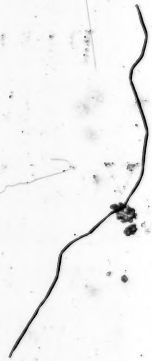
ALSO,

His ELEGY, taken *verbatim*, in time of his ſickneſſe, and publiſhed to prevent falſe Copies,

By MICHAEL OLDISWORTH.

NOD-NOL,
Printed in the Fall of TYRANNY, and Reſurrection of LOYALTY. 1650.

XUM



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PHILIP HERBERT Earle of Pembroke, &c.

I PHILIP HERBERT, Burgeſſe for *Bark-ſhire*, vulgarly called Earle of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, *&c.* of the Familie of *Eſau*, of the Tribe of *Many-Aſſes*, of the Citie of *Nod-not*, being ſomething diſeaſed in Body, yet *God dam me* in perfect Memorie of Mind; doe ordaine this my laſt Will and Teſtament in manner and forme following to ſtand in full force and vertue, revoking all former Wills, Grants, Gifts, Deeds, Bills, Bonds, or Obligations whatſoever.

Imprimis, I give and bequeath my Soul into the hands of him that hath moſt right to take it; that is to ſay, the Father of Lies, Oaths, and Perjuries, *the Prince of the Aire, that now beares rule in the Children of diſobedience* at *Weſtminſter*, *VVhite-hall*, or elſewhere.

Secondly, I will that my *Body* be decently interred at *Hide-Park* Corner, (becauſe in my Life I delighted much in hunting) or if the State ſhall think fit, in any Parke or Chaſe of my owne, or the late Kings, with the full cry of all my pack of Dogs, whether in *Bark-ſhire*, *VVilt-ſhire*, or elſewhere, and that none elſe doe lament for me, nor doe my Obſequies, except at the laying in my *Corps* into the ground, there be diſcharged a volly of *curſes* from all the *Swearers* and *For-ſwearers* in *England* and *Ireland*, which ſhall be ſeconded from the *Citie* and *Tower* by all the Par-

liaments fowl-mouth'd Ordinance; provided, that Alderman *Atkins* discharge the first Piece, as well to prevent danger, as to save Powder for *Ireland*.

Thirdly, I give and bequeath my *Wit* to the Aldermen of the Citie of *Nodnol*, and to their Heires male to be hereditary to the worlds end, to be imployed for the good and safety of the Citie.

Fourthly, I give and bequeath my *Allegiance* to the defunct House of Lords, and their Heires and Assignes, in case they remaine obedient unto the Commons, and seek not after their right in sitting again in the said House, which if they shall at any time attempt to doe, that then it shall fall to *Oliver* Lord *Cromwell*, Deputy of *Ireland*; and in case of his death, to his Sonne in law *Ireton*, and the rest of the Independent *Royall Progeny*, Parliament everlasting world without end.

Fiftly, I give my *Favour* to my Lord *Wharton*, and his Heirs for ever, provided that he preserve it warily in a Saw-pit, for the use of Sir *Thomas* and Col. *Pride*, the Dray-man.

Sixtly, For my *Honesty*, (being not worth the giving) I will that it be buried with me and if my grave will not containe it, that the over-plus goe to the Parliaments use, to be issued out to the Grandees of the Independent Faction, and imployed in their severall *Acts* and *Ordinances*; provided, hereafter that no Excise or Impost be put on so precious a Commodity.

Seventhly, My old Wife I bequeath to my Chaplaine *Michael Oldisworth*, to be converted to his own proper *use* and *doctrine*, in point of consolation for her *body* as well as *soules* health, provided he *edifie* her every day to her hearts content.

Eighthly, I give and my *Oathes* to the Parliament, that they may use them as they have occasion, either in swearing to new Covenants or Engagements provided, they null and make them void as oft as they shall have occasion.

Ninthly, I give and bequeath all my Household-Goods, Lands, Mannors, Tenements, Hereditaments, Parkes, and Warrents, to the House of Commons; provided, that Mr. *Henry Martin*, and Mr. *Weaver* have egresse and regresse into them at their pleasure, to ferit my *Coney-Burves*, and hunt in the *Purleyes*, and take and carry away what Game they please; onely *Baynards*-Castle, scituate on the South-side of the River *Thames*, *London*, I ordaine to be made an Hospitall to relieve all decayed *Swearers*, and others

that

that shall not deny any Oathes invented for the erecting of the new Modell of State, or have the least feare to perjure themselves for the good of the Common-wealth; and he that is free (being a Member of Parliament) to enjoy no benefit thereby.

Tenthly, I give and bequeath my *Hangings* to the Councel of State, to use at their owne discretions; provided, the Hangings of my inner with-drawing Roome (being the *Story* of *Judas* betraying of Christ) be given to *John Bradshaw*, to put him in mind of his latter end.

Eleventhly, I give and bequeath my *Coat of Armes* to bee worne by all Noblemens Sons, that shall descend from Earles or Lords, from Lords to Knights, and from Knights to Commons, and so become Burgesses, and claime their Honour downewards, as my selfe hath done; provided, they be borne with no more Wit nor Honesty then my selfe.

Twelfthly, I give to the State 1000000 *li.* in ready Monies, to provide them more Armes for *Ireland*, and to raise Money and Horse against Sir *Thomas*, in case he still stands out and refuses to deliver up his Commission, or signe the new Engagement.

Thirteenthly, I give my *Periwig* and all my wearing Cloaths to Mr. W*illiam Law*, Predecessor to Mr. *Richard Brandon*; and ten pounds to buy him Mourning.

Fourteenthly I will and ordaine *Michael Oldisworth* my Chaplaine to preach my Funerall Sermon, and give him twenty Nobles to tell the people all my good deeds, and cry up my Nobility.

Fifteenthly, I give unto Mistris *May* two Diamond Rings, and a Gold Chaine, besides two Shifts of Linnen, that hereafter she may have no straight dealings in her Linnen: also I give and bequeath unto her the said Mistris May, my dear Concubine 200 *li.* in gold, to marry her to *Tom* my Groom.

Sixteenthly, I give and bequeath *Will. Lilly* 200 *li.* to see if he can keep the Devill from me, whom now my time is expired, I must expect to fetch me in a great storme, according to the Covenant made and sealed between him and my selfe.

Seventeenthly, I give and bequeath my whole pack of Dogs to the next Burgesse chosen for *Berk-shire*, that my bawling may be kept in perpetuall remembrance from one Puppy to another, till the end of this blessed Parliament; provided, they duly pay Excise for every such Dog, according to the rate of this Parliament.

Lastly, I give all my Hawkes to Sir *Thomas*, provided he hath the wit to know a Hawke from a Buzard, and that he let them fly at nothing but Game-Royall: *Dam me* I am very sick, and my Memory failes me much; *Rack me* if I can remember what I have else to give, but something I have, which I leave to the discretion of my Executors, to be disposed as they shall think fit: *Sinke me*. I have troubled my mind too much with things belonging to this world already; and yet *Judge me*, nothing grieves me, but that a pox on't, now they may call me *a rotten Lord indeed*: who the Devill thought Death had been so neer? and yet *by God* 'tis better to dye in ones Bed, then live to be hang'd: & who do you thinke (being a Member of Parliament) will scape that death, if the late Kings Sonne should prevaile over us? *judge me*, it troubles my Conscience that I had a hand in his Fathers Death; but it is a little comfort to me, to dye and cozen him of his Revenge: —*Michael*, where a pox art thou now? Zblood, I am well hope up to have such a Comforter at my Death; ha, ha, ha, what's that? now 'tis at my beds feet; oh, oh, oh, all bloody too; Murther, murther, call up my men, *Ralph*, *Robin*, *Dick*, with a pox, there 'tis; now 'tis like a Cat, a pox mew ye, doe ye take a Noble-man to be a Mouse? Oh, oh, it bites, it bites, it bites, the Devill, the Devill, the Devill: oh my Conscience; Zblood, give me some Sack, Ile drinke a confusion to Death: Grasse and Hay, a Foole must dye as well as a Knave: *Michael* remember me to all my Friends at *White-Hall*, bid them have a care; *Dam me* there 'tis againe, a Man without a Head, beckoning me with his Hand, and bending his Fist at me; What a pox art thou? speake, if thou art a Man speake, speake, speake; zblood, canst thou not speake without a Head? so ho, so ho, that Dog spends well; tat, tat, Ring-wood, a plagne confound that Curre, take him and couple him to Jowler; tell 'um Ile to *Guild-hall* presently; —a pox of Honour, what need a dying man care for switching? Oh Mistris *May*, come to bed Sweet-heart come, my Duck, my Birds-nye; Zblood, I must goe to *Salisbury* to morrow, bring me my Boots quickly; *Dam me* this Parke troubles me, Ile hunt right or wrong; Zounds, will not the Rogues bring me more Money; Zblood, that *Cock's* worth a Kings Ransome, a runs, a runs, a thousand pound to a Hobby-horse; Rub, Rub, Rub, a pox Rub a whole hundred Rubs; Zounds, I thinke my Bowl's

Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Byas then a Bag-Pudding; *Michael*, tell them Ile restore those *Pictures* and *Modells* I had from S. *Iames's*; the seiling of the Banquet-House at White-Hall tell them is as fit for my Parlor in *Ramesbury* Mannor as can be; a plague, must I build a House for another to make a Bawdy-House of? who can make me a *Skeliton*? commend me to Mr. *Steaker*, tell him Ile have *Woodstock*-Bower, and bid him remember the Hangings that came from *Hampton*-Court; Ile come to the House to morrow, and remove the Obstructions in the sale of the Kings Goods: Zblood, Ile have the University reformed as I list: *Goodwin* is too Scollarish, Ile have a Beetle-head for that blockish Colledge; *Ralph*, tye up *Iewell* from her Puppies, they'le suck her as bare as a Birds Arse: Oh the Fiends, the Fiends.——

I come, I come, good Devill lead the way,
When Rebells dye Hell makes a Holly-day.

His Lordship having no sooner ended this his last Speech, but he shewed very wistfully on Mistrisse May, *(his Honours Concubine) and swore* Dam me, Sinke me, *and* Confound me, *some nine times over, and so yielded up the Ghost, and his* Soule *was conveyed away in a hideous storme.*

Witnesse
Michael Oldisworth.
Ralph King.
Richard Bridges.
Robert May.

An *Elegie* on the sometimes honourable *Philip Herbert*, Burgesse for *Bark-shire*, and a Member of the new Common-wealth: who departed this Life, *Ian.* 23. 1649. just a year wanting 7 dayes after he had seen his KING murthered before his owne Gate.

HEre lyes swearing Pembroke, *to dye he was loath,*
Yet when he departed, was choak'd with an Oath:

No

No honest men grieve, when Rebells *doe fall,*
God dam him, he dy'd, and so they must all.
In Hunting and Hawking was his chiefe delight,
would Bowle, drink, and drab too, rather then fight.
When he was advanc'd by his King very high,
Turn'd Traytor, *and help'd pull downe* Monarchie.
A Foole *he liv'd long, yet dyed a* Knave,
A wonder indeed, if God should him save.
His Life was ne're good, his deeds were all evill,
He's now gone to Hell, to out-shreare the Devill.
Much misrie to England *this* Traytor *did bring,*
To ruine the People, *and murther the* King.
He had been advanced to a high Degree,
Had not Death like a Cheater, *cozen'd the* Tree:
But now he is dead, full low he must fall,
Though by his death Will Low *hath lost all.*
All you that will mourne his death at the Grave,
Draw neere and make water upon an old Knave:
No more of his Vertues *I need to commend,*
What he was all his Life, *he was at his* End.

FINIS.